

circled overhead, they had a stake-out on an apartment house on Serrano Avenue.  
the police crouched behind bushes with rifles and shotguns and pistols and they brought one man out in a white shirt  
and the blood ran down in front of him in a red mass  
and he was handcuffed in back. there were one or two others inside and the police spoke to them over a loudspeaker....

strangely, I lost interest  
and then as I walked back toward my place  
I got a toothache  
and I didn't have many teeth left  
and suddenly a grey and crippled cat ran across the sidewalk in front of me  
its back arched  
tail high  
I saw its bunghole in the moonlight  
and then it vanished under a bush.

#### and titles too

don't worry Dostoevski,  
the fish and the hills and the harbor  
and the girls and the horses and the alleys and the nights and the dogs  
and the knives and the poisons and the wines and the midgents and the giants and the lights and the guns  
and the lies and the sacrifices  
and the flies and the frogs and the flags and the doors and the windows  
and the stairways and the cigarettes  
and the hotels and myself have been around a long time

just like you.